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THE SOLITARY WARRIOR

PORTRAIT OF JOHN RUSKIN IN 1864, BY SAMUEL LAURENCE

Ruskin, John

The Solitary Warrior

New Letters by Ruskin

Edited by

J. Howard Whitehouse

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TO

MY FRIEND

G. P. GOOCH

SOME FEATURES OF THE LETTERS

Some of the most interesting of the new letters contained in this volume are addressed to members of the Scott family. These friends of Ruskin are not mentioned in any of the biographies which have appeared of him. The beginning of a dear and intimate friendship was accidental. The Rev. A. J. Scott was a Manchester minister, and asked Ruskin in 1855 to lecture in that city. The invitation was not accepted at the time, but it led to Ruskin making the acquaintance of the Scott family, and particularly of one of the daughters, Miss Susan Scott. Mr. Scott died in 1866, but Ruskin had become intimate with him and the family long before this. From 1859 onwards Ruskin addressed long and intimate letters to Miss Susan Scott. He describes journeys abroad, his work and interests in many places. He discusses with simplicity and candour schemes for reforms of many kinds. We see examples of his amazing kindness and generosity, for he sends his friends abroad at his expense. When he is himself abroad he insists upon their using his home, and places all his treasures at their disposal. He is always ready to receive anyone who would like to see his Turners, and his letters are full of advice on all manner of questions.

One letter stands out for its great beauty. It is one which he wrote in 1866 to Mrs. Scott on the death of her husband. It shows that exquisite sympathy which marks not only his personal relations with friends, but also his works on social questions. It was this sympathy which conquered his generation. There are references in the letters to many of his friends —Carlyle, Turner, Charles Eliot Norton, and John Simon—and to books, flowers, and pictures.

The letters he addresses to Susan Scott in 1869 are specially important. In this year he had spent much time in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and many of their social conditions had depressed and stirred him. The conditions in England were also always present to his mind. In the letter which he writes in May of this year from Verona, there comes the same challenge to modern civilization which he had made in "Unto This Last" seven years before. It is the challenge of a man who finds his earlier theories justified, but who is content no longer with preaching and means to attempt by practical work and personal example to find a better way of life.

His two long letters in May 1869 are the earliest revelation which we have of his intention to found a new society to help to attain

to a higher individual and national life. "I want them (my friends) to form a society, no matter how small at first, which shall vow itself to simple life in what is called poverty, that it may clothe and cleanse and teach habits of honour and justice to as many as will receive its laws."

Eighteen months later he issued the first number of "Fors Clavigera", his famous monthly message to the nation, and a little later developed in "Fors" the plans for his society, which, founded under the name of the Guild of St. George, exists at the present day. The immediate problems which caused him to found this society will be found discussed in these letters to Miss Scott.

There are many references in the letters to Ruskin's daily activities. In his letter of May 14, 1869, he writes:

"I had been all the morning in the Venetian gallery looking at Victor Carpaccio's history of St. Ursula, in which every figure—and there are hundreds—is refined in feature and beautiful in dress, with a purity as perfect, though as various as wild flowers. There are old and young—kings and poor labourers, saints and rough soldiers, but they are all different only as violets and ivy, or roses and meadow grass, all lovely and human and pure."

Passages like this, in letters written amidst activities of every kind, reveal, as effectively as the most finished of his works, the master of English.

"Fors Clavigera" is regarded by many thinkers as the most important and enduring of Ruskin's works. I do not wholly share this view, for I think his earlier books on social questions were matchless weapons with which to prepare the ground for a great crusade. The unparalleled beauty of their prose, their irresistible human appeal, their sweeping eloquence, their revelation of divine fire, their wisdom, sincerity, and courage, give them a place of their own in the story of human progress. But "Fors", too, is a great landmark. The prophet is seen in every page. And it is the prophet becoming the practical reformer, seeking in his own day to realize his dreams.

The reader of the letters now printed in this volume will see the great importance he attached to "Fors". He is constantly asking his friends to read what he says. "Read 'Fors' then", he writes, "carefully and quietly, what you find by any chance puzzling, never mind; what you like and feel with, help me in teaching."

We realize, too, in these letters the personal suffering of Ruskin in the fight he waged:

"I had no conception when I began the battle, how solitary I should find myself in it. Everyone fails me and the tremendous power of self deceived mammon worshippers, bleeding the life of all humanity, is something too horrible to face. I go against it without looking at it—the putrefying dragon is so much more ghastly than the old living one. It is curious that Turner is the only living man in Europe who fully understands this battle."

Some of the references in this book of the greatest human interest are those which Ruskin makes to Miss Rose la Touche. In 1866 Ruskin proposed marriage to this lady, and a sorrow began which darkened the remainder of his life.

The story of Ruskin's friendship with Rose la Touche has not been completely or adequately told. I have had access to this story as revealed in his letters and in hers. It is one of the great tragedies of literary history. Ruskin had known the la Touche family for many years, having first made their acquaintance in 1858. He had stayed at their home: they had been his guests. He had lent them books and pictures and was their devoted friend and guide. When he first met Rose she was a child of nine. He watched over her education and devoted himself to her welfare. No greater libel was ever uttered against the most chival-

rous of men than that which appeared in a volume of reminiscences by the late Mr. Swift MacNeill, accusing Ruskin of having persecuted this lady.

Ruskin's conduct in its unselfishness, its tenderness, its gentle patience, during years of torment, enable us to realize the immensity of his suffering.

In the pages of "Praeterita" Ruskin, writing in old age almost his last words, tells the story of his early friendship with Rose. He prints the letter he received from her when she was a child—surely the most wonderful letter ever written by so young a girl. Ruskin carried it throughout his life enclosed within sheets of gold. I may be forgiven for reprinting it here:

NICE,

Monday, March 18th

DEAREST ST. CRUMPET,

I am so sorry—I *couldn't* write before, there wasn't one bit of time—I am so sorry you were dissappointed—I only got yr letter yesterday (Sunday), & we only got to Nice late on Saturday afternoon—So I have got up so early this morning to try & get a clear hour before breakfast to write to you, which you see I'm doing—So you thought of us, dear

St. Crumpet, & we too thought so much of you——

Thank you very much for the Diary letter; it was so nice of you to write so long a one—I have so much to tell you too Archigosaurus so I will begin from Dover, & tell what befel us up to Nice—Emily asks me to say that she did a picture at Dover of Dover Castle in a fog—I think it was to please you—Well we had a roughish passage, but we sat on deck & didn't mind—We thought & talked about you —Every great wave that came we called a ninth wave and we thought how pleasant it wd be to sit in a storm and draw them, but I think if you had wanted it done I'd have tryed to do it St. Crumpet—There was what do you think at the prow of our steamer—yr brother Archigosaurus, an alligator, and we said it was you—Well so we got to Calais, breakfasted at the Table d'Hote there, and then began that weary railroad journey from Calais to Paris—The scenery was just the same all the way—I suppose you know it—Those long straight rows of poplars cut even at the tops & flat uninteresting country. I drew the poplars in perspective for you St. Crumpet.

We got to Paris on Friday evening & stayed till Wednesday—No, I couldn't I tell you, there wasn't one bit of time or do you think

I would not have seized it directly for I know yr thinking why didn't she write—It's too long to say all we did & didn't do in Paris, so I'll only tell about the Louvre and Notre Dame. We went to the Louvre. Oh St. Crumpet how we thought of you there—How we looked and talked about the Titians you told us to look at particularly the glass ball one & the white Rabbit—Yes we looked so much at them and *we* did, all of us, think them so very beautiful —I liked two portraits of Titian's of two dark gentlemen with earnest eyes better than any I think. We thought his skins (I mean the skins he made his picture-people have) so very beautifully done & we looked at the pinks at the corners of the eyes & thought of the Portrait of Lord Bute's & you again St. Crumpet.

We liked the picture of Paul Veronese of the children playing with the dog very much I think one of them the most prominent with dark eyes & not looking at the dog is very beautiful. Why does Paul Veronese put his own family in the pictures of sacred subjects, I wonder? I liked the little puppy in the boys arms trying to get away—The statues in the Louvre I think most beautiful. Is it wrong St. Crumpet to like that noble Venus Victrix as well as Titian? If it is, am I a hardened little tinner? Oh, but they are so beautiful those

statues there's one of a Venue leaning against a tree with a Lacerta running up it—Notre Dame they are spoiling as quick as they can by colouring those grand old pillars with ugly daubs of green and yellow, etc. Is not that "light" in the French?[1] It's a bore saying all we thought of Paris, I must get on to the mountains not to say Alps—Don't be Kingfishery dear St. Crumpet; how good it was of you to give yr Turners that you love so much to the Oxford Museum.

From Paris we started early on Wednesday morning & travelled all day & all the night in the train—Yes you would have said "Poor Posie" I *was* bored. But we got over it very well—It was so pleasant to be running after the sun to the south (Don't be Kingfishery) & awaking at about 5 in the morning to see long plains of greyheaded silvery olives and here and there pink perky peach trees dancing among them—And there were groups of dark cool cypress trees pointing upwards, & hills & grey rocks sloping to the sea—the Mediterranean. So we shook off our sleepiness, at least Papa, Mama and I did, for Emily and Adele still slept; & saw behind those peaks of craggy

[1] Referring to a debate over Mrs. Browning's poem in defence of them; the one in which she says, rightly, that they are no more "light" than a rifle-ball is.

hills a pink smile coming in the sky telling us that the morning had come really at last. So we watched & suddenly there rose (popped wd be a better word for it really rose in one instant) such a sun—"nor dim, nor red" (you know the verse) & then dipped back again below the hills. It was so beautiful—But I shocked Mama by saying "Jack in the box" which awoke Emily who declared of course she had been wide awake and had seen it all. Why do people always do that, St. Crumpet? This was just before we came to Marseilles. It had been snowing the day before & it was nice to go to sleep & wake up in the summer —We got to Toulon and there we spent the day & oh Archigosaurus we saw so many Lacertas there; again we thought of you— How can you wish to be a parrot?—are you not our saint?—You wouldn't look a bit nice in a gold laced cap; don't you know blue is the colour you should wear? At Toulon it was like July—I don't like such heat—Transplantation & scorching is too much for an Irish rose—But I sat with Mama and Emily on a rock & sketched Toulon Harbour, (or rather tried to) for you St. Crumpet. Then the next we posted, the country was so beautiful some of it & towards evening we saw snowy peaks they were the mountains of Savoy. I was pretty

tired that night & we had to sleep at Frejus such a disagreeable place. The next day we had six horses to our carriage for it was a hilly road. We walked about two hours of the way over the hills. You know what sort of a view there was at the top, St. Crumpet. & how one stands & stares & says nothing because the words of Grand, Glorious, Beautiful, etc., cannot in one quarter express what one thinks. *You* the author of M-Ps cd describe it Irish roses can't. But I can tell you how my cousins the moorland roses nodded at me as I passed and how they couldn't understand why Irish hedge roses bloomed in July instead of March

I can tell you how the fields were white with Narcissi, how the roads were edged with mauve-coloured anemones & how the scarlet anemones stood up in the meadows tantalizing me in the carriage so much because I wanted to feel them. And there were myrtles (wild) growing close to the blue Mediterranean & Mama lay down on them by the seaside at Cannes while Papa and I were talking to a perfectly deaf old French fisherman who gave his ("Fish" to be understood; also that the fisherman was not "perfectly" deaf, for papa could not have talked with his eyes only, as Rose could.) to me as he caught them putting them half alive into my hands, oh, you wd

have been alive there Archigosaurus. How I wish you had been there. Well we got here (Nice) on Saturday evening & we climbed up an old Roman Ampitheatre and was of all sunsets the most glorious. We said it was like Light in the West, Beauvais, and again we thought of you. Oh, St. Crumpet, I think of you so much & of all your dearnesses to me. I wish so very much that you were happy—God can make you so—We will try not to forget all you taught us—It was so nice of you. Thank you so much from both of us.——

Mama is very glad you went to Dr. Ferguson. She says you must not give him up. How very kind of you to see & talk to our old man. Certainly the name is not beautiful.

We have all read your letter & we all care for it. That was indeed a "dear Irish labourer". I like him so much; such a nice letter. I hope Mr. & Mrs. Ruskin are well now. Will you give them our love please & take for yourself as much as ever you please. It will be a great deal if you deign to take all we send you. I like Nice but I don't much like being transplanted except going home.

I am ever your rose.

P.S.—Yes, write packets—trunks, & we shall like them so much. Indeed I couldn't write

before, I'll try to write again. You *must* see how we think of you & talk of you—rose posie.

When in 1866 Ruskin proposed marriage, the parents were hostile, and a probation period of three years was agreed upon. Really the probation period lasted for nearly nine years, ending only with the death of Miss Rose la Touche in May 1875.

These nine years were years of tragedy for Ruskin. The woman he loved was delicate in health. She was intensely religious. She wavered almost from month to month in her feelings towards him. Her parents and other friends affected her views. Their influence was, in his judgment, used unfairly. The strain on both of them was almost intolerable. At times relations were broken off. Once at least the two met, and passed without recognition. But through these dark years Ruskin never ceased to hope that the clouds would break and his union take place with one he worshipped with a reverence wonderful and rare.

But it was not to be. What it meant to Ruskin some of these letters show. At times his mind lost its serenity under the strain of his sorrow.

These letters make tragic reading. He is suffering from wounds which will never heal.

There is one letter in this book, undated,

addressed to "my dearest babies". These were the children of Dr. and Mrs. Scott. What a wholly delightful letter! And apart from its fun and banter, it is full of profound sayings. The reference to St. Francis gives a clue to the understanding of much of his writing.

Some letters in this collection were addressed to Dr. Chambers and his wife. Only one letter to Dr. Chambers has previously been published. Dr. Chambers was in 1859 selected as physician to accompany Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, on a visit to Italy. There was a warm friendship between Ruskin and Dr. and Mrs. Chambers.

In his letters to Dr. and Mrs. Chambers we see him discussing interpretations of his teaching, criticizing, helping, encouraging, sending favourite books to be read and loved, and doing much to share the influences of his life.

In this collection of letters there will be found a few which Ruskin addressed to Samuel Laurence, the artist. Ruskin's friendship with this artist has escaped the notice of his biographers. In "Academy Notes for 1875", Ruskin refers to two beautiful drawings by Mr. Laurence of Sir Theodore Martin and John Hodgkin. But this is the only reference to Laurence to be found in the whole of Ruskin's works. There was, however, a friend-

ship between the two men. In the year 1864 Laurence did a portrait of Ruskin in crayons. This portrait seems to have been unknown to his biographers. It is now in the possession of the writer, and a copy of it appears as a frontispiece to this volume.

In 1876 Ruskin wrote in a slightly petulant vein to Laurence. The letter is included in this collection, and also the gentle, disarming reply by Samuel Laurence.

The National Gallery contains several portraits by Laurence, including one of F. D. Maurice and Thackeray.

We must count Ruskin amongst the great letter-writers. Few letters are more interesting to read. He never used a typewriter: he rarely dictated. Practically all his letters were written by his own hand. His industry was wonderful. He kept up a regular correspondence not only with an ever widening circle of friends, but with many he did not know, who wanted his help.

To his friends, his letters were the next best thing to a talk with himself. He revealed himself in his letters in the most intimate way. They form diaries in themselves. They are full of exquisite sympathy. He always gives of his best, and his friends thus share in all that he is thinking and doing.

I have described the writer of these letters as the solitary warrior. They illustrate the truth of the description. Ruskin was a lonely man. Whilst still a young man he had written "Unto This Last", to find the whole of society ranged against him. Now in his middle age he has lost the woman he worshipped, his parents are dead, many of the intimate members of his circle have passed away. He has realized even more deeply the truth of the social principles he had set forth a decade earlier. His further schemes of experiment and action are matured within his own mind. There is no one to help him. The appeal of "Fors Clavigera" is the appeal of one splendid soul addressed to a world mainly hostile.

But it was captured by the magic of his appeal.

Let me add a word with reference to the illustrations in this book, none of which has previously been published.

The six drawings by Ruskin are selected from many hundreds which he made. They serve to remind us that at every stage in his life Ruskin used his brush and pencil to illustrate his teaching and to record things of beauty seen.

We realize that not the least part of our debt is due for the interpretation of his art.

LETTERS BY RUSKIN

LIST OF THE CORRESPONDENTS TO WHOM THE LETTERS ARE ADDRESSED

MR. BARNARD

MRS. BARNARD

DR. CHAMBERS

MRS. CHAMBERS

SAMUEL LAURENCE

THE REV. A. J. SCOTT

MRS. SCOTT

MISS SUSAN SCOTT

MISS SCOTT

"MY DEAREST BABIES" (THE CHILDREN OF THE REV. A. J. SCOTT AND MRS. SCOTT)

1855

During this year Ruskin was hard at work writing Vols. III and IV of "Modern Painters", at Denmark Hill. In the spring of the year he wrote his annual "Academy Notes". The letter which follows marks the beginning of his friendship with the Scott family.

DENMARK HILL.
7th May, '55.

MY DEAR SIR,

I heartily wish I could lecture at Manchester and in some other of our large cities this year, but I am finishing "Modern Painters" and cannot in any wise interrupt my work with other subjects.

The only gentleman with whom I am acquainted whom I think capable of giving lectures on Italian literature is Mr. W. Rossetti, the brother of Rossetti the painter. But I am not sure that he can, still less sure that he would. And he is Italian by parentage only. English born and bred.

I remain, my dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN

The Rev. F. J. Scott.

In this year he had delivered lectures at Tunbridge Wells, London, and Cambridge, and had travelled on the Continent.

(*9th January*, 1858)

DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

I am still obliged to keep at my work in town all day long: but I will come up to Hill St. some afternoon next week to see the study and you and Dr. Chambers—whenever you like to look at the Denmark Hill Turners have only to drive out and rest among them—and get as much of the Norwood air as can be had across our field—

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

1859

Ruskin lectured this year at Mancnester, Bradford, and London. He visited Germany and Switzerland and worked on Volume V of "Modern Painters".

OXFORD.

(*5th January*, 1859)

MY DEAR CHAMBERS,

We shall be by ourselves entirely—an old wine-merchant of the old homely school and house wife of the old school also—too blind (I am sorry to say) to see if you have black or blue pants, so you needn't be nervous. Thank you for coming.

Always truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

Denmark Hill, S.E.
6th March
(1859)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

My mother was terribly sorry after you were gone the other day that she had not seen you—and she has got a fancy in her head which would make me very happy if it could be carried out.

I leave home on Tuesday week the 20th. Joanna wants to go to Scotland—but would not go—and my mother has a nervous feeling about her staying.

Now—if she were to go—and I were to leave the house all in order, and the pictures on the walls, and all just as it is, now,—do you think you and Susie could be happy in staying here a few weeks?

I think you would find the garden very enjoyable—the servants would be very dutiful to you—you could drive into town when you liked—and my mother really would be very little troublesome to you—only she would have the sense of safety in the house and of having you and Susie sometimes looking in upon her with a little word to break the loneliness.

I really think you would be very comfortable —but I won't say a word more till you tell me if it is possible at all—then we'll think about

it—I should be too much disappointed if I made all my plans in vain.

Love to Susie,

Ever affectionately and faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

Baveno.

5th May, 1859.

My dear Susan,

I have been long in thanking you for your kind letter. I got very sad at Vevey, having many thoughts of my own to fight with, as well as such poor sympathy as I had with you, and there is little left in me now for anyone, the fact that all good people are being taken from us and that wicked ones live for ever prosperously makes one feel as if one had to fight with all Nature against one for an enemy, instead of sorrowing by a friend's grave. Against one, in the arithmetical sense, too, everything is going so wrong and so fast wrong that one's own life and effort seems as a straw in an Alpine torrent at storm height. I don't know whether the torrents or the people are most wild mad, but the devastation of the two great vallies I have just been through—the Valais and Val d'Ossola by the floods of August last is like material type of the national phrenzy of avarice and rushing power of change.

I have been thinking much as I passed through the two great plains covered with sand and rocks and marsh locked in by them and I see how it could all be hin and the land and its people made safe and happy for ever,

if people would spend two or three years of military preparation in one fine battle against the flood demons. We spend annually in waste shells and gunpowder what would save nations.

I want to think over my plans yet awhile however, and then perhaps I might get here and there somebody to see that there was land enough here savage, to be conquered without going out to take the New Zealanders.

I forget if I asked you to write here, or to Verona. I must send this line at once however to catch the northern post. Please tell my mother to save her the trouble of reading it in my vile hand that this Baveno is quite ruined now by an English mining company and an hotel the size of barracks, and I can't stay here but shall go on to Milan to-morrow and to Verona on Saturday.

I hope mama and you continue to be comfortable and that the servants are obliging, but I cannot doubt their feeling it a privilege to have your mother and you to attend to.

With sincerest love to Mrs. Scott,

Ever my dear Susan,

Affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin

VERONA.

10*th June*, 1859.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I cannot enough thank you for this and all your former lovely letters, nor for all they tell me, though I needed no telling, for I knew how it would be—of the effect your tranquil and strong and tender mind would have in soothing and comforting my mother. But I am glad to know what I was not so sure of, that you have been really happy at Denmark Hill and have enjoyed the garden and the drives.

I am deeply thankful that you have been able to stay so long and I need not say how what you tell me of John's illness enhances my sense of your perfect kindness and of his. I hope to express my sense of it to him better than I can in writing. As for the time of your leaving, I can only accept whatever determination you come to respecting it with regret—whenever it comes, but must accept it without a word of further pleading—you have already given so much. I will not write for Joanna to return until I see how my mother gets on by herself, and if I am able to continue working as I work at present I trust I may be able to return myself sooner than I thought.

I trust therefore you will be at perfect ease

in fixing what you feel to be the needful time of your leaving, but I *hope* it will not be *very* soon.

Ever with love and thanks to Susan,
Believe me, dear Mrs. Scott,
Affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin

(London S.)
6*th December*, 1859.

My dear Mrs. Chambers,

I hope you will be able and kind enough to come out here some afternoon and bring Miss Poyser and Dr. Chambers if entrappable, for otherwise I have no chance of seeing any of you, and I think Miss Poyser might like to see some of the drawings and things and I should like to see her, though with much shame of face, having mislaid her music and been in all sorts of ways unpardonable. I should have liked rather to ask you to dine here, then I might have had a chance of some music. But my mother is a little too old now to undertake dinner (which for Dr. Chambers and you she would be apt to feel housewifey and morbidly conscientious about) without fatigue, and so I am obliged just to do as I were alone, in which case I suppose you young ladies wouldn't come to dine with me, though you might illumine the poor artist's studio in the afternoon when you had nothing better to do, and that is all I ask. Perhaps Miss Poyser wouldn't mind bringing her setting of Tennyson to sing to me. I'll promise it shan't be out of her sight for a minute and therefore can't be lost. But out in the evenings I can't come just now. I'll tell you what I'm about if

you'll come and see me any day after Thursday lunch at two.

Sincere regards to Dr. Chambers and humblest petition for forgiveness to Miss Poyser,

Always most truly yours,

J. Ruskin

(*9th December*, 1859)

DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

Monday will do nicely and *please* bring the Italian sketches—I shall so much like to see them—

Always yours faithfully,

J. R.

I hope my mother will preside over lunch in due state.

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND, WATER COLOUR, BY JOHN RUSKIN

He published in this year his Essays on Political Economy in *Fraser's Magazine* ("Munera Pulveris"). In the early part of the year he was in London examining the Turners at the National Gallery. Later, he visited Italy and Switzerland.

(1862)

Dear Dr. Chambers,

How good of you to find time to come so far as this; and how bad of you not to send word that I might have been at home. We will manage better next time but I must wait yet for about a week as I am in the middle of some work at the National Gallery which I have promised not to quit till it is done, and it needs all the little light there is in each day. Will you and Mrs. Chambers pardon my not calling till I have this out of hand: then I will come and take you to see it, if you'll let me.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Chambers,

Believe me, faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

His father died in this year. In December he gave the first two lectures of "Sesame and Lilies", at Manchester.

DENMARK HILL.

13th Jan.

DEAR MR. LAURENCE,

It is kind and nice of you to propose doing the drawing so, but alas, my father and mother are both sharply ill just now, and I go up to Queens Hotel, Norwood, every evening to them, and myself am on the point I believe of lying by for the same cause—much oppression of chest and throat having been on me this morning, so that I am writing to put off a visit of Edward Jones this week from which I hoped much pleasure. The ways of things are very strange to me, and by no means, according to our narrow human notions, reasonable. Why must we have all this wretched weather to get for it only two weeks of spring and four of summer? And why can one never get right things or pleasant things done however much we wish it, while anybody can do any quantity of mischief they like?

How long do you like to have your sittings —I must think of some way of managing it when I get better. For me—short sittings are much best, for this reason. I can do about four hours work every morning, of various kinds, and life is short and if I dont do 4 hours today I cant do eight tomorrow, no, nor even five. But *after* my morning I could come to sit for

an hour and rest and enjoy it, but if I gave you long sittings I should lose each *whole* day and you would have the face more stupid even than its wont. Think of this.

Always gratefully your

J. Ruskin

My dear Laurence,

Misfortunes and failure in keeping trysts and pledges never come alone. Here I find I cant come on Monday, not till after I've seen you. I'm not quite sure that Gertrude would enjoy her first visit here in those awful prandial conditions—I think we'll have a forenoon first and fix any day you like for lunch and minerals, after Wednesday. I've sent two vols of M.P. which I'm going to bind prettily for Gertrude, but I want to talk of a thing or two in them to you—so I've sent them in as they are. Please just glance at the chapter in the 4th vol on Turnerian Light, pages 34, 72 and 73.

Ever most truly your

J. Ruskin

And read page 110 about geology.

My dear Mr. Laurence,

The Kensington is open all day tomorrow, but I must get you there before three to be able to get home to our five o'clock dinner, so you shall only have an hour's work from me please. I've been looking for the French books—Proust etc etc.

Ever very sincerely yours,

J. Ruskin

I'm afraid Miss Gertrude will be sadly bored in the Turner room. Tell her she's to *look* tired when she is, and not to be a little hypocrite, as all girls are by nature, till it's scolded or heated out of them.

(1864)

Dear Miss Scott,

Your letter made me very happy this morning—there is no one among all my girl-friends whom I should have liked so much for my 12th princess: both for your own sake—and because you are your father's child.—I ought to try to be very good and useful when such kind things are done for me—but it is of no use "trying" I find—one is what one is—and can what one can—and no more—and I feel just as if you were making this tapestry for me to eat up like a moth.

But I think you will all enjoy doing the thing itself—the designs are lovely beyond telling——

I hope to see you all in three weeks or so.

Ever affectionately Yours,

J. Ruskin

You tell me nothing of Mr. or Mrs. Scott? Don't you know I love them?

(*7th Oct.*)

DEAR MR. SCOTT,

I did not reply to your kind letter because I had not—nor have I yet received any official requests respecting the Melbourne Shakespeare Memorial. If Carlyle acts, I will —if he don't—I won't—but I had an opportunity of recommending a friend to look up Mr. Lusschild's work the very day your letter came, and hope to look at it soon myself.

—I hope you will have your own copy of that unsatisfactory book of mine before the end of the week—How is Miss Scott getting on with her drawing?

With most affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Scott and to her, and grateful regards to yourself, believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN

Dear Miss Scott,

All you have done to the plan is very nice but it is just in the state when "a little more" makes all the difference.

Perhaps returning to it you will see what it wants better. I can't criticize it until I see it "finished".

I am quite sure you will draw very beautifully—if you have time.

With affectionate regards to your father and mother

Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

My dearest Susan,

What would Papa say, I wonder, if he were to see some of the saucy letters of the other three! I suppose they were all as prim and quiet as they ought to be when you had them in his presence there. But your sauciness is in never writing to me when I ask you to!

I am so very glad that Papa is better, but I am sure it would be dangerous for both of us to go over those courts in this weather. There are places which if I could go over with Mr. Scott, I would go in any weather, but the most beautiful modern building in the world (which these Manchester courts are) I fancy, is yet in the present state of all human interests and imaginations, utterly without real architectural interest: it is and can be nothing more than a well delivered and sweet echo, and I can't stand in a December day to hear echoes. Besides so many things have and are coming in the way that I daresay I shall be all in confusion with my Northwich lecture and it is on rather an important subject, and then if I meet anyone in Manchester I shall have about thirty apologetic notes to write. No, let me have quiet breakfast with you

and get away home to Winnington in the afternoon.

Dear love to Papa and Mama.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

(*Dec.* 24, 1864)

My dearest Susie,

This is only to wish you all a happy Christmas and to say to Papa and Mama that mine is much much happier than it would otherwise have been by a letter from Mr. Shields—it is seldom anything has given me so much pleasure.

But I can't write more. I've been writing all the morning. Please send me a line to say how Papa is and how you are yourself, for I was anxious about you.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

TOWER AT FRIBURG, SWITZERLAND, WATER COLOUR, BY JOHN RUSKIN

(1864)

My dearest Babies,

Well—if you won't answer questions—you can ask them with a witness! when once you make up your little minds to it. Do you know to answer that question would be to give you quite the history not only of my life but of a great many other lives Gothic and Greek. It is curiously connected with your petition about psalms (I'll write you a Sunday letter to-morrow) for to sing psalms rightly you want a cathedral, and if you want a cathedral then the Gothic moulding is worth ten Parthenons. But in itself, no. And I wanted cathedrals then —and perhaps I ought to want them now— and I can't tell babies quite what I want. Not that I would not tell them if I were sure I was right, but I am finding out things every day and can't talk out of the dust of discovery in the store room of a garret, and am not sure that I am right yet. But I did mean that when I said it. It's long ago, and I should not say it now. Far from it.

That is what makes me among other things so restless and sick and discontented. I can't teach my babies any more but in "may be s". Your letter is so pretty: and it is so nice to have you all four for pets. But you must read my books now just as you would a bit of

a St. Francis' sermon, from his point of view. They're right as I saw it then. If St. Francis got half changed into Paul Veronese think how unhappy he would be and how puzzled when the birds came chirping to him and the grasshoppers hopping, and said now please preach us a sermon again in the old way.

I hope to be down again with you in a fortnight—it will be so nice for me.

Ever your affectionate Papa,

J. RUSKIN

I haven't put half love enough in this letter but you know I never show you half nor the quarter of it because I think it's so shocking to be unjust and to have pets. And it's such a dreadful question to come from pets—that about the sculpture—makes me quite grave.

1865

Ruskin was in London most of this year. His public lectures included "Work and Play", "Art", "War".

Denmark Hill, S.

Monday, 19th June, 1865

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I was far from well this morning, but was quite revived after a night sleepless with brow-ache, by the happy feeling of your and Mr. Scott's affection for me and trust in me which I gained from Miss Bell's letter. I do not know any more sorrowful feeling than that of knowing that a friend is in anxiety and suffering which one does not feel right enough of affection to touch. There came a blank again over me at the end of the letter —but you must not let Mrs. Rich deprive me of the deeper sense of your regard for me which I can only get by being allowed to be of service also to my dear friends—you will find, once fairly on your journey, that the greatest difference is made in comfort by little extra expenses here and there—by a better or lower suite of rooms,—a room with a good view—a little drive instead of a walk—and such like—let me entreat you to be freely happy; to enjoy your journey in entire untroublous peace—and just let me know at any time, or from time to time—what I may pay in to your bankers to make this entirely easy, and harmless not only to Johnnie—but so as not in any way to interfere with any

home plan or comfort. I am proud enough to think you both see far enough into me to know that you may be happy in doing this—and that it will make me more peacefully—nothing could make me more affectionately,

Yours,

J. Ruskin

Dear love to Susie.

So many and many thanks for this sweet long letter I had the other day—Love to Miss Bell if with you still.

Denmark Hill, S.E.
2nd July
(1865)

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

Bring Angie on Thursday at the time that it will be best and pleasantest for her to come, and stay as long as she can be happy, but send me a mere line to-morrow saying *about* what time;—and what I ought to have for her—ice or tea—or what,—and what for you.

—With sincere regards to Dr. Chambers

Ever most truly yours

J. Ruskin

DENMARK HILL, S.
(*3rd October*, 1865)

DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

I would rather come some day next week—please: for I should only be in your way at the larger dinner—and I want just to drive in quietly and see Dr. Chambers' drawings and hear where you have been—I never can talk now—I've nothing to say——

I will come on Tuesday, if that will do, to save you the trouble of writing again,

Ever truly Yours,

J. RUSKIN

DENMARK HILL.

10th October, 1865.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,

Can John and you dine with us to-morrow Wednesday? If not, can you come next day? I have such a kind nice letter from your mother (as if a letter from her could ever be anything else) and I want to see you both very much.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

(1865)

DEAR DR. CHAMBERS,

I send you a nice impression of Jason: but only mind that whatever good you get from it in copying will be wholly independent of any feeling respecting it: and will result only from a patient, not self-tormenting but still less, self-satisfying exertion of mathematical faculties of hand and eye, getting the lines exactly the right thickness and in the right zig-zags, and the shadows rich and rightly gradated. Rightly, that is, as in the original.

I send you a study from another of the plates, by one of my workmen (a carpenter and joiner) that you may see how closely the look of the mezzotint can be got with the brush. A very little bit—half an inch square, done properly will be of more use than the whole plate, or any number of plates done emotionally.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Chambers,

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

If you will put up the workman's drawing in a little brown paper I will send for it any day a messenger is passing your door. Keep the Jason as long as you are making good use of it.

(29*th October*, 1865)

DENMARK HILL, S.

Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

I am very sorry to have missed your visit to-day—I am now rarely in town, but if you let me know any day you could come again, I would be at home for you without fail—Dr. (~~Chamb~~ (I was writing on another sheet and did not see how near I was to the edge)

Dr. Chambers would like I think, to see some of the Turners again, and you would be interested in several of Mr. Jones's drawings.

Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

Denmark Hill, S.
11*th Nov.* (1865)

Dear Dr. Chambers,

You may have some little pleasure perhaps in looking at Cockrell's composed Agrigentum giant and I think the head looks genuine—When you have done with the book —tell me, and I'll call for it some day in passing—I hope I did not tire you by staying too long the other evening—the sketches gave me much knowledge—and I had no mind to hurry over them.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Chambers,

Faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

Denmark Hill, S.
(28*th November*, 1865)

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

I can't come to dinner. But I'll come any evening after Tuesday next—if Dr. Chambers and you could and would be quietly at home, and take a cup of tea and hear about Italy and see the sketches.

Truly (yours—both)
J. Ruskin

Denmark Hill, S.
(1865)

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

I can't come again just now—I'm just finishing an Xmas book—such as it is, but it takes trouble and I can't do anything about any copyist's work, at the Arundel just now—they're very well suited with people—*they think*, and the public does too; so I can't say a word.

Truly yours,
J. Ruskin

Sincere regards to Dr. Chambers.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON,
LANCASHIRE.
(1865)

DEAR MRS. BARNARD,

Your husband is very wrong and naughty about my lady correspondents—they're the only ones that enough comfort and flatter and amuse me—I've *one* masculine Comforter—Charles Norton (an American) of long standing, and am finding two or three—more—now—but they're never voluble enough.

About Sowerby. Pure and mere mistake, 32 for 36.

—About How doth etc.—Yes I entirely like all those lines and quote them—I didn't mean to say anything against them and will put myself right with Dr. Watts——

About my Rose—(You won't wonder at my writing as if she were no more than a bee—she's never out of my mind—whatever I do)—She is very ill—I believed—when I wrote, "dying"—that there was no hope for her—her mind is dead already—forms of selfish sorrow—reaching to what I cannot call less than insanity—having possessed themselves of her—except that her old self sometimes shines out in sweet hidden flashes—She has come to me—and gone from me again—now three

times—this last autumn in London has taken more of my life out of me than—as far as I know—was, or is, left—but I am perhaps under physical depression from the severe winter more than I know. She is now placed by her people under some restraint with a physician in Dublin and, I hear, recovering health of body.

The chief of all the harms it has done me is the entire loss to me of the sense of any blessing from God on my work, or me—such as you believe in—I am writing now on religious matters, only what I *know* to be true, *feeling* it to be false—except so far as I can trace both her suffering and mine to follies on both sides—ours, and others.

Of Glaciers—I gave four lectures on them at Oxford and am preparing the London one for the press, as fast as I can—a line engraving of Fabes' old map to be put against Tyndall's, takes time.

Ever gratefully yrs.

J. Ruskin

(1865)
DENMARK HILL, S.
Monday, 22nd.

DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

It seems the Fates are against me in this matter—here am I laid up with low headache and other despondent ailments, in bed mostly yesterday, better to-day, but incapable to a degree extraordinary even for me. It will take a week of chicken broth and the like to put me up on the shelf as Humpty Dumpty was before. What trouble I give you but tell me if I may yet come any day next week that suits you, and I'll keep to it.

With regards always to Dr. Chambers,

Yours ever faithfully,

J. RUSKIN

(1865)
9th November

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

I shall be most happy to come on Friday to dinner. If Henry Acland comes and stays with you without telling me—I shall get jealous. It's too bad of him, when he might be out here in country air—all night—and come in to you in the day time—to sleep in that noisy fashionable square of yours.

Most truly Yours,
J. Ruskin

Sincere regards to Dr. Chambers.

1866

The spring and summer were spent in Switzerland working at geology and botany. In the autumn he was at Denmark Hill.

DENMARK HILL, S.
10th January, 1866.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,

Things have been happening that make me very sad lately, or I should have indeed written to you long ago (written to Mrs. Scott I meant) and your book if not books might have been sent to you on the Friday night if I had been busy about it, but you have them so it was perhaps better so than that you should have been burdened with them.

And now I can but write a word, the essential one, as far as in my power. Hyères I do not know, but imagine to be relaxing. Cannes is I think likely to be every way helpful, very cheerful, very warm, with a divine distant view and pleasant English society. Every one likes it whom I know that has been there. Munro the sculptor is there with his sister. He was quite exhausted when he left England and has got better every day.

If Cannes does not do, the steamer would I think soon put you all on the coast of Genoa. Sestri di Levanti east of Genoa is a delightful out of the way warm nest, not yet English ridden but the Inn *was* bad, yet not but one's wife and daughter might make it happy though I found it unmanageable by bachelor

ingenuity. Things must all be better though now.

But at Cannes you'll have advice of the best. I say, get there first and please will Mrs. Scott write to me now and then even though I'm a wretch, and don't answer unless absolute cause be, and then I hope I shall always, as to-day.

Ever with love to you all,

Your affectionate J. Ruskin

21*st Jan.* (1866)

My dear Susie,

I am very woeful about this and cannot write to you. Let me know about your mother when you can. Nothing but what is sad is round me everywhere just now. All the people I care most for are being taken. I did not expect this at all.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin

Denmark Hill, S.
12*th February* (1866)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I am deeply thankful for your letter —it is altogether lovely the way you are supported in this. I feared at first that you could not bear it, nor have I ever before so strongly seen the evidence of a special support in which I had hardly believed. But I suppose that entire goodness of heart, having had food for joy through the greater part of life has its own strength and peace also inherent in it. Only it must be so dreadful to be without him.

I am not going to venture to write to you. You seem to me so set apart from us all now, so much more his than ever, but I am so glad to know that you are there, and will yet be there with the quiet hill and water and beside him. And will you write to me at once if there is any way in which I may still help you. I have not told anyone else but you, but I will tell you that I have had a dear sunset now like you—only different. It isn't quite over yet, the last clouds of it. I never expected to see my only real pet Rosie any more (I've told you a little about her, have not I?) but she let me be with her on her birthday this year, and on mine too, and has been very kind and wonderful to me, and taken a great deal of

evil out of me, and given me peace something like yours. And I am fairly well for me, and look forward to the lengthening days, not as I have sometimes done wishing they would not lengthen any more.

Dear love to Susie,

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

NEUFCHÂTEL.
9th May, 1866.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I thought to have seen you before now, but have been and am still likely to be, detained by a friend's illness at Pontarlie, your letter most unfortunately thus did not reach me till this evening. I send cheque, which I doubt not some of your friends at Veytaux (?) will cash for you. It is such a pleasure to me to be of this little use, and I wish so I could write more, but I am anxious to-night.

Is there any good English doctor at Veytaux in case I should need one? for women's illness. It is my old friend Lady Trevelyan who is ill —she can't eat without sickness and is getting exhausted and I think Sir Walter (?) doesn't allow her stimulus enough. Could you just send me a line to Hôtel Belle Vue, Neufchâtel, saying if you know of a good doctor. I will write you again quickly,

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN

Denmark Hill, S.
Dec. 2nd (1866)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I have both your lovely letters—I am very grateful for them—believe this: believe, nay, I think you know that I have within me the power of feeling deeply the privilege of your regard and its preciousness—I cannot write just now—for—strictly speaking I have only the possibility of right feeling left to me, I am so weak and beaten and weary and sad I can't write—I have looked at this beautiful sermon of Mr. Scott's. I like the idea of death's being to show us we are not our own—but I feel it only as poetry and why should the poor animals die to show us that? But it is very beautiful and in some ways helpful to me: the memory of him and the thoughts of you—are so always to me.

I shall return the little pamphlet to you soon—perhaps without a line—if I wait till I write—the sending may be too long delayed and perhaps the book lost.

With true love, believe me, faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin

Denmark Hill, S.
(17*th December*, 1866)

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than a talk with Mr. Maurice at your happy (slightly too luxurious for mortals) tea-dinner.

My opinion on a Canaletto is quite worthless—as I have never studied the matter but at least—if not worthless—it is not worth your friends being offended at—so I will venture to give it. Any day after Wednesday would do for me.

With hearty regards to Dr. Chambers,

Ever truly yours,

J. Ruskin

Denmark Hill, S.
27th Dec. (1866)

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

To-morrow will do nicely for me—but I fear I cannot get into town much before your tea time—the daylight is very valuable to me now—and I can perfectly well judge of Canaletto by torch—candle—moon—or lime-light—the merit of his work being essentially that of touch.

7 is your tea hour is it not? This note should have been sent yesterday—I don't know how the days slip by.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

1867

The summer was spent in the Lake District. For the rest of the year Ruskin was mainly in London.

PENCIL DRAWING BY RUSKIN, BIENNE, 1835

Denmark Hill, S.
27*th Sept.*, '67 (1867)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I am anxious to hear something of you—though I have entirely ceased writing letters to anyone—even of my best friends—, reserving what little strength I have for progressive work—but I should like to know how and where you and your children are.

I wonder sometimes why you did not answer my last letter: perhaps it shocked you—you may not have before known the jesting way in which people who have suffered much discordant pain get into a habit of speaking of the gravest things.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin

DENMARK HILL, S.
28th Dec., '67 (1867)

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I have been both doing and enduring much since I got Susan's letter. I am soon coming to see you now and am so very glad you are going to be in town some time.

Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN

In May he lectured on the "Mystery of Life", at Dublin. In the autumn he was in Belgium and France.

Denmark Hill, S.
8th Jan., 1868.

Dear Mrs. Chambers,

Thank you for your kind note, but I never go out now at all—For many reasons—some sad—some absurd—all cogent—and none worth talking of.

With sincere remembrances to Dr. Chambers,

Faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin

DENMARK HILL, S.
(*27th January*, 1868)

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

It will rejoice me to see you and Susan to-morrow—*Come* to lunch, please—at one.

—I have been so broken lately by various pains that I cannot get up my courage to go and see people—even my best friends—but I like to see them here.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

BELGRADE.

25th May, '68.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,

I was very glad of your letter and to know that Mama is going on well: but I will sometimes write if I have any other pretty story to tell her, and you shall answer and say if she likes it.

All went well for me at the lecture. Lily was just behind me. Jessie Dale in front. I was staying three days at Lily's afterwards. She is simply the prettiest creature that can be imagined now, and as good as she is pretty, though marvellously downright for a girl of 17.

The post is waiting. I'll write from Winnington.

Ever yours affecy,

J. RUSKIN

DENMARK HILL, S.E.
(22*nd July*, 1868)

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I was made so very glad by your lovely letter about the flowers—so was Downes, my gardener—I have been wanting to come to see you—but we can't get about in this heat —the horse and me both helpless——

But I was *so* stupid not to have sent you flowers before—I do hope you will tell me of any you would like particularly. Downes is sure to be able to get them—He fell romantically at once in love with your Arran maid.

Ever lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN

The spring and summer were spent in Switzerland and Italy. His lectures included "Flamboyant Architecture", "Greek Myths", and "The Future of England".

He published "The Queen of the Air", and was elected Slade Professor.

Denmark Hill, S.E.
(*Jan.* 2, 1869)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

You must think me utterly heartless. So I am, in one sense, but I am at work on many things under a necessity, partly for my own health, and to keep myself from pain, and partly because of external call or what seems to me such, of putting forth what power I have yet left, and letting nothing interfere with the daily task.

I am at work on physical science, botany chiefly, or architecture, on Greek theology, on Modern economy, all at once, and am unable to see any-one or go anywhere, resting always by mere silence, or garden work.

Joanna has been more needed than usual by my mother, whose failing sight now causes us much sorrow, and some of the unavoidable outer worries of the world have taken this time of all others to waste some of my days. But I often think of you and value your regard no less than always.

Love to John and Susan.

Ever your affectionate,

J. Ruskin

(*1st February*, 1869)
DENMARK HILL, S.E.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

Please come soon to spend the two days in Camberwell—or else—come out here with Susan the first fine day after *this next* week:—That you should never have seen the garden—nor *it* seen *you*!

Yes, it is a victory, to break through to the old thoughts and ways again—and find pleasure in dead things—But I do not know how and as I get weak, and unable to see or draw or think—I shall be able to get on without any power of taking delight in human affection—I hope that, trying always to make people as comfortable as I can—my own deadness won't go on into any insane form—and I'm still very glad of my little Joanna—and I shall like my walk in the garden with you.

—I think I got some useful things said last night—I hope I did not pass Susan without seeing her?—but I did not see her——

Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN

(1869)

My dear Susan,

Please address the enclosed scrap to Leonard Rowe Valpy, Esq., 60 Casey Str., Lincoln's Inn, and send it there and let the bearer enquire if Mr. Valpy is in town and will get the note.

Any other notes from "Sowerby" please forward at once to Mr. Valpy without sending them to me, but give me notice of their contents.

So many thanks for your delightful letter and account of my mother. No time for more to-day.

Ever your affecte,

J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.E.
26*th April*, '69 (1869)

My dearest Mrs. Scott,

It is a great—very great comfort to me to think of your coming to-morrow.

I do not doubt but that you will find all the servants most ready to do whatever they can to make you comfortable—and the coachman also—who will like having something to do and the drives are lovely that he takes me beyond Croydon and to Hayes Common.

I must leave the pictures—though for your peace of mind—not the very finest—on the walls. Please note, that I have put in the library drawings which will not suffer from moderate light and I have told the servants they are always to be uncovered at breakfast time, just as when I am at home.

My dearest friend Mr. C. E. Norton has carte blanche to come to look, when he will—He and his family—mother—wife—sisters—sisters in law—are all people whom you will love.

He is not dearer to me—except in that we are occupied in the same kind of work—while my other friend frightens me with horrid surgical science—than John Simon—the medical officer of the Privy Council—He also is in all things as another self to me—and if you

can persuade my mother to see him sometimes —it will be a great good to her and to us.

His wife is full good also—but good distorted—she has the awkwardest glooms and jealousies and quarrelsomeness that ever worthy woman had—She cares a great deal both for my mother and me—and, I fear, will be very rude to you—sometime or other—Forgive her —for she has been grievously ill lately.

And forgive me—for going away to-morrow morning and not staying only to receive you and say goodbye.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

See page 4

(page 4)

Will Susan be so kind as to open all my letters:—burn those that ask for advice or money—put aside in a drawer (which I'll show Lucy)—any on business that can possibly wait and send me on any little love-letters that don't want answers,* and absolutely imperative business ones—to Poste Restante, *Verona.*

* Or even—if they're very nice—suppose they *should* want an answer.

All will be ready for you to-morrow forenoon.

My dearest Susie,

The enclosed letter is in form for general reading—to any one whom you choose —would you kindly copy it and send the copy to Dora—telling her I shall write next to *her* and make her copy it for *you*.

I am so sorry it is so ill written but when I am thinking—my hand goes about I don't know where on the paper.

—I have so much to say about other things to Mama to you—Mama's letter is so beautiful —but I've no time for more to-day.

Ever your affectionate,

J. Ruskin

RIVER BUILDINGS IN SWITZERLAND, WATER COLOUR, BY JOHN RUSKIN

VERONA.

14th May, 1869.

MY DEAR SUSAN,

Your abstract of letters is quite admirable and very useful. I am glad to know of Dr. Bruce Hones and to have Mrs. Baden Powell. Please look in directory for number of Brook Street and add it to enclosed and post.

Thank mama for her lovely letter and say to my own mother that I am very much obliged to her for trying to make you both comfortable.

I forget how far I had told you about the engineering plans. They mean a great deal more than conquering the Rhone. I am now entirely convinced that we must bring together what honesty and kindness there is yet amongst us in concentrated power, and make a steady fight against the world and its ways. This Italy is horrible, and the horriblest part of it is that it is continually traversed by English and Germans who placidly look on at its idiotic death pangs, and they themselves in doing so, become partakers in the death.

I, for one, will endure this no longer. I am going to write to all my friends and all whom I know of those who believe any in me: and to call upon them for time, strenuous, total each in their several place and according to

their power. I want them to form a Society, no matter how small at first, which shall vow itself to simple life in what is called poverty, that it may clothe and cleanse, and teach habits of honour and justice, to as many as will receive its laws among the existing poor.

Do not think it a nonsensical fastening on my own particular fancies when I tell you that my first object in all law will be grace and beauty in all external things. There shall be no riches on the one side, no noisomeness nor vulgarity on the other. I have been planning this finally ever since I past the Alps this year, and yesterday it got hammered down into me by a curious chance. I had been all the morning in the Venetian Gallery looking at Victor Carpaccio's history of St. Ursula, in which every figure, and there are hundreds, is refined in feature and beautiful in dress, with a purity as perfect, though as various, as wild flowers. There are old and young—kings and poor labourers, saints and rough soldiers, but they are all different only as violets and ivy, or roses and meadow grass, all lovely and human and pure.

Well I had been an hour or so among these people, and then came here in a glorious afternoon, with the mountains of Titian all purple in the North, but with four Americans

in the carriage with me (1st class) one man and three women, who, of all the wretches I ever endured the presence of, were the noisomest and most abominable, in the ingrained essential total desperateness of degradation of mind. I can't enter into details about them, but I won't endure for my part the state of things which produces such vermin. If I fence myself only into a few fields I will have about me at least nothing but what shall tend to true laws of pleasantness and peace—not loathsomeness and wrath.

I can't write more about it to-day, but I'm not writing in a passion but in a fixed mind.

Ever with love to mama,

Your affectionate friend,

J. Ruskin

My dearest Susie,

The enclosed letter is for you to read to my mother, though it is all written for you, only with quite "proper" address—

—The real practical gist of it is that—(only you mustn't tell my mother this just now) that I am resolved to give up living near London—and to get as many as I can of my friends to help me in forming in different places (my own place near the Rhone valley) a society under the stern yet pleasant law of poverty—having beautiful—but simple—*costume* dresses for its peasantry—thoroughly good food—thoroughly *sound* everything and a currency of its own with *bread* for a basis instead of gold.

All which I shall reduce to practicable form this year, if I live.

Ever your affectionate,

J. R.

See Over.

Read—seal—post.

I have told Mrs. Baden Powell that you will call on her 1, Hyde Park Gate—South, W. and then that I want her to come out to lunch with you—and you and Mama to talk over what you know of me lately with her. I think she will help me. Read her the enclosed letter.

She is the widow of professor Baden Powell, one of the best men whom Oxford ever—misunderstood.

Never mind the man about the lost MS. He is a wretched blockhead and impertinent vagabond. The MS was an ill written two pages—which I burnt.

VERONA.

27th May, 1869.

MY DEAR SUSAN,

Your letter and your mother's received by me to-day gave me very deep and perfect pleasure. I am entirely thankful that Mrs. Scott is happy at Denmark Hill, and doubly thankful that her presence there is evidently helpful to my mother and given her the best of all medicines, tranquility—and trust.

I have so little time for writing that I will at once answer one or two of the questions, or suggested questions, in your last letter about my future endeavour.

The chief mistake made by modern philanthropy is in giving cheap imperfect education. It looks to all the existent multitude and says "what can I do for all these?" "Only so much for each, let me not attempt more."

Now imagine a gardener saying that of all the weeds in the world.

One of my principal purposes is at once to break short this folly, as far as this society extends.

It is of no moment how far the Society extends. The one thing of moment is that wherever it acts, it shall act wisely, and that therefore it shall never undertake to educate a child at all unless to do the best it can for it.

"How little can we safely do? How little can we afford for our own respectability or for fear of hell to do? Ask the general public.

"How much can I safely do. How much can I possibly make of this one child by proper care?" is to be the question with *us*

And not one child shall be taken charge of —whatever the temptation, more than we can afford to treat thus, to consider as a *precious power* to be developed and built up into splendour—not, observe, by giving it luxuries, but by giving it love, and care, and help, to the utmost prudent *possibility* so that all our children shall be like Davies' pet plants in my own garden not forced, nor prize, but all got of them that due care and equal watching will bring. It is the object observe not to diffuse a diluted good but to set a city on a hill. (Think how much that means.)

As in education, so in trade. No matter how little, but whatever we sell shall be sound. Thorough—the best of a stated kind. Not the best possible (for one may make a penknife worth two guineas) but *thorough* steel.

There shall be no pledge or vow taken to persist in any association with us. People shall leave us if they choose, but if they leave us it must be for ever, and while they are with us, they must be under such vow as their

consciences are capable of, to conform to our laws.

The most distinctive of all our laws will be that we work chiefly for grace, beauty and perfectness of life, not for its multiplication in degraded forms. We must professedly be pitiless to multitudes. If they see that we have done well let them do likewise. Our object is only to show them how to live. On the one hand, no useless luxury, no ostentation, no wealth beyond a certain point. On the other no rags, no indecent or rude behaviour, no filth, no disease that care or food can prevent.

As much care must be taken to forbid and prevent Riches as to prevent Pestilence. That is to say every subtle excuse or slipping introduction or modified form of riches must be instantly detected and cut away. Above all this must be insisted on that every office of honour and influence shall be unpaid. Scavengers are to be paid—Kings and Bishops are not. "What—Kings and Bishops in the society?!" Yes,—in time. But at present—only by illustrations of principle. "And are all rich people to be kept out of it?"

I do not expect to be troubled with many requests from millionaires to get *into* it. But I will take all who offer, without requiring them to part with any of their money, or to spend

it otherwise than as they now do—but only, they must pledge themselves not to *increase* it, that all the future interest or business profit of it shall be set aside for the society's purposes—this of course—only applied to outside persons coming in. Those whom we educate in our own body shall be permitted to look for fortune up to a fixed sum or property for every given position in life—and not to go beyond it.

By position in life, I mean *rudely* separated position. Merchant, shopkeeper—ship captain —sailor, etc. Of course—also—rich people may help me with advice or money, or personal labour as they choose to give any of them—as anyone else may—(with our sincere thanks for all such help) But they cannot be *of us*: unless on this condition of non-increase of wealth—there must be no relaxation of this law on any pretence or occasion whatsoever.

I should be greatly ashamed of myself if I ever said, or insisted on, anything, thus positively—without having more and deeper reasons for it than could be explained in a letter. But they may all be summed in this great object of the law—*totally* to transfer the power of matured and experienced intellect—from the habitual and selfish art of making or increasing money—to the difficult and noble art of using

it, and, whereas it has been the folly of men to gain when they are dying, and to spend or scatter from the cradle, now, it shall be the honour of youth to gain: and of age to spend.

The plan I have for the redeeming of the Valair will be the best possible nucleus for the beginning of all else. It is connected with another design I have had for years in my mind, of using water-power to the utmost by successive anchored mills on streams like the Rhone, Rhine and this Adige, here—the thing is already done—only people don't see that this power is *infinite* and needs no fuel.

No time for more to-day,

Ever your affectionate friend,

J. Ruskin

VERONA.

21st June (1869).

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I am so very grateful for your letter: for the talk about John, for the good news of him, for the encouraging account of my mother, for the private word to myself.

For what you tell me of John I give you most true sympathy—in all the delight you have had in his goodness and courage. How much better than any quantity of honours. But, how much the third class taken under such circumstances shows of his real powers. He is sure to advance steadily in life and to take his honours in the great world, not in school.

Next your saying that you think I need not hurry home is of the greatest use to me. I am doing the most important work here, and was a little hurting myself, and it, lately by doing too much and against time. It is a great relief to me to be able to think of staying longer with comfort to my mother.

I was very glad to hear of dear Evelyn's being at Denmark Hill. My love to her and sincere thanks for her constant and gentle regard.

Of all your other visitors especially your sister, I rejoice to hear and of your being

happy, and of the true feeling of the servants towards you. This is an especial comfort to me. I was very glad of your word about them.

Lastly thanks always and chiefly for any thought of me which you are afraid to tell me of. But I do want you to know those great plans of mine are not mere frenzy of pain. They have little or nothing to do with my immediate feelings. They would have been undertaken happily and hopefully, had things gone right for me. They are undertaken now hopelessly and because I must: the sight of the distress and horror round me in the world being too great for me. I cannot escape from this to the beauty of nature, or to her peace. All beauty is now dreadful to me. I have no sense of any help coming to me from the Maker of it other than he gives to any worm cut through by the spade which seems to me nearly zero. There is help only in the discovery of his laws and obedience to them, and in my own activity when possible. I am always content and well while at work—the Deadly thing to me is Rest. Fancy having the two worst associations with one's life fastened to the Rose of the Bluebell for one's country walks! It is so grotesquely horrible, in its way like Hood's stanza about the bouquet seller:

Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to
street
Till—think of that—who find life so
sweet
She hates the smell of roses.

There is a great deal in this however which enables me to understand things in history—chiefly about Fate and (so called) Providence, which I never should have got at, but through pain. That's one reason why Minerva has the owl. The keenest sight of all—lynxes or eagles nothing to it—is sight in darkness.

Ever your loving,

J. Ruskin

He published the first 12 Letters of "Fors Clavigera". He visited Scotland and the Lake District and bought Brantwood. He endowed the Oxford Drawing School.

(1871)

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was heartily glad of your little note and the pencil enclosed—all deeply touching to me. Please tell Mrs. Barnard I think her interpretation partly right. But interest is charged merely for loan of money or tools only: it has nothing to do with their use, as of seed, etc. Too tired to-day to say more.

Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

(To Mr. Barnard)

(1871)
DENMARK HILL,
S.E.
7th August.

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

All is kind and comforting that you write at all times—I am still forbidden to write letters, but am getting on steadily though slowly and will do my best not to frighten my friends any more——

I am very glad of the pleasant sentence at the end of your letter "John and I are keeping each other happy" I am going to keep myself also as happy as I can——

Always affectionately Yours
JOHN RUSKIN

He spent the early part of the year at Oxford, where he gave his lectures, "The Eagle's Nest". The summer was spent in Italy. In September he entered for the first time upon his residence at Brantwood. He went to Oxford in the autumn.

FLORENCE.
June 3rd, '72.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I was grateful for your little note and had kept it by me that I might say so—I am scarcely able to write now—except for necessary work—and months pass sometimes when I scarcely answer a letter—but I am always glad to know of anyone's caring for what I am saying in Fors.

You speak of two papers in McMillan that did you service—can you send me a line to Poste Restante, Verona, saying what they were.

Believe me, always
Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN

(Mrs. Barnard)

Florence.
June 3rd, '72.

My dear Madam,

I was grateful for your little note and had kept it by me that I might say so—I am scarcely able to write now—except for necessary work—and months pass sometimes when I scarcely answer a letter—but I am always glad to know of anyone's caring for what I am saying in Fors.

You speak of two papers in McMillan that did you service—can you send me a line to Poste Restante, Verona, saying what they were.

Believe me, always
Truly yours,
J. Ruskin

(Mrs. Barnard)

(*Dec.* 21, 1872)

DEAR MRS. BARNARD,

Are you Bessie Buckland? I forget—I forget everything now—Your letter is very sweet and helpful to me—But—if you only knew!—or *could* know—what *my* life is—a Death—which is the truer name.

Last year—I lost—as you know—my mother—and my nurse, who had been my father's—and was as faithful to me as a mother—Now—I have no one to care for me, but a second cousin and married—and whom I can see but little of—being away at Oxford or in the North.

I have literally no one left—For this year—a girl who had been my life and hope for the last ten years—and who—for God's sake—and her parents' (who used God's name and all their own power to separate us)—would not marry me—and whose life was wholly "Santa," and whose name "Rosa"—went mad.—And the most terrible thing I can see in the world—is a wild Rose.

Fancy how your letter reads to me! But I'm very glad you wrote it and in pencil,—and that your husband is a millowner and that he likes Fors, and wants to talk over the position of William. I hope, as it goes on, William's position will become quite ascertainable.

I have only time to write this to-day. I shall be a week now at Oxford and spending such "merry Christmas" as remains to me—alone. Then I go down to my new home Brantwood, *Coniston*, where you can always safely write if you care.

Always gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin

I ought rather to have said lilac than violet of the gladiolus.

He visited Brantwood, Oxford, and Eton during the year. He gave a number of lectures on birds.

Brantwood,
Coniston.
12*th March*, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I have had great delight in all your letters and there is little now that does delight me —even of fairest things. I have many round me, here, but they are most of them dead to me. The third Fors has given me everything that ought to make a man happy, except the one thing I asked for. And the wonder is to me, and evil—that I don't know if I was wrong in worshipping too much—or not enough.— Whether I ought to have surrendered hope before—or fought on, in neglect of all other hope. There was no rose to the Sesame, because it —that final edition—was published when I thought she had entirely left me—so she is only spoken of as "remembered" in the preface.

After that, she came back to me—and then I put the roses.

I have engraved another now—of roses growing out of the Madonna's tomb, and which I shall put at the end of my books. She is in a physician's house—under care. The φιλη of the same preface is the only one who knows of her; and forbids me to ask herself any questions.

I have friends—books—garden—pictures and

duties—and am exactly (and very near the same place) in the temper of the Solitary in Wordsworth's Excursion. I can walk from here to Blea Tarn in two hours. I'm not dying,—and not living—but doing a good deal of work and it seems to be not worse done than usual.

One of the things that gives me most pleasure in your letter is your saying that flowers really do answer care: another that you like the way I speak of the Bible—most people would think it so irreverent.

I've no time for more to-day. Love to your husband.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
25*th May* (1873)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I am so very glad of your letter.

Every day encumbers me more among failures of purpose and loss of opportunity, and death of hope. I never can talk, now—nor go anywhere—but I get some useful things done, still, I Trust.

I daresay Susan could help *me* much more than she can Miss Hill. Do either of you ever see Fors Clavigera?—if you haven't, I'll send it you. I want you to read some bits.

Ever your affectionate,

J. Ruskin

1874

This year was spent in constant travelling; Brantwood, Assissi, Rome, Florence, London, and Oxford all being visited.

A PENCIL DRAWING BY RUSKIN AT MUNICH IN 1835, WHEN 16 YEARS OLD

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.

Arthur Severn's,
Herne Hill, S.E.
(1874)

Dearest Mrs. Scott,

A happy and quiet and useful New Year be to you and yours—if wish of mine is any good to anyone.

I am very deeply grateful for your offer to read Fors:—I will not send you the past numbers. They are unnecessary to the immediate work. I have ordered the letters for 1874 to be regularly sent to you.

I had no conception when I began the battle, how solitary I should find myself in it—Every one fails me, and the tremendous power of self-deceived mammon-worshippers, bleeding the life of all humanity, is something too horrible to *face*. I go against it without looking at it—the putrefying Dragon is so much more ghastly than the old Living one—It is curious that Turner is the only living man in Europe who fully understood this battle.

—If you are able to drive as far as the National Gallery in any of these sunny days,—look at his picture of Apollo and the Python, and *He* only saw the terror of Corruption, in body and soul.

Read Fors then, carefully, and quietly,—what you find by any chance puzzling, never mind; what you like and feel with, help me in teaching. I do not fear your feeling adversely to me. I have no more time—even for you, my dear old Friend to-day—but with love to John and Susan, am ever your faithful

JOHN RUSKIN

I am so glad of what you say about Forbes.

PALERMO.

24th April (1874)

DEAR MRS. SCOTT,

I am so very grateful for your letter —but I can get no comfort from it. The world is too dreadful and *here*, the amazement at the great National power of Evil, Earthquake and Fire, mixes with the horror of lost humanity.

—But my chief trial is in the cowardice and sensuality and luxury of my own character which keeps me down—ashamed to take any true leadership—unwilling—to give up my own mean ways of rich life—But—I shall be driven to something desperate soon—I believe.

Ever gratefully and lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
Novr. 25, 1874.

Dear Mr. Barnard,

I am so very grateful for your letter, but I can't answer just now—giving two lectures a week, requiring great thought, and having much university work besides. Yes, I feel with you about that clothes-selling. It is awful,—unclean, contemptible, beyond all reproof. But we can't get much worse now without bringing on revolution. Time will cleanse us. By fire or repentance. One or other.

I'll write as soon as I can.

Ever gratefully yours,
J. Ruskin

(London, 1874)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I am very happy in both your letters. I had not forgotten you, but I thought *you* had deserted me. I'm very glad to hear of you—My answer to your good neighbour will be an entire Fors, I think and I hope a little more gentle and practicable than most are——

The grammatical or conventional rule, is indeed so,—but I take a fancy every now and then to spell everything like "ladies".—There are cases in which one can't,—alley, for instance—and I suppose in strictness one ought to pronounce ladies like allies——

—Alas—if pronunciation could only make them so—but I claim you—at any rate.

With kindest regards to your husband,

Most truly yours,

J. Ruskin

Ruskin visited Oxford, Brantwood, Eton, and a number of other places in England. His lectures included a course on Sir J. Reynolds, at Oxford.

Ashbourne,
Derbyshire.
(*Jany.* 29, 1875)

My dear Mrs. Barnard,

In your kind letter of Nov. 24th you say "we know of no one who cares for you and your work half as we do" and you want to know how you may more share in my effort.

The time has really come, now, when I must know upon how many I can depend for any definite moral and personal support.

I have no doubt when I really ask for it, that I can get plenty of money: but I want consistent strength: and immediately I want to define the legal existence of an established body who can hold property. At present there is really no Company, but only subscribers to a Company's objects. There will of course be no responsibility or liability. The money given is given practically to me, and if I choose to throw it into the sea and say I thought it proper first to sacrifice to Neptune, the subscribers couldn't make me refund, nor the Trustees.

But, it is time there should be some members of the Company nameable in legal documents as such. Will your husband allow me to give his name, on the understanding that he

merely thereby engages himself to act with others to the best of his powers for the purchase of land in England on which to educate in honesty and comfort an agricultural population?

Please write to C.C.C. Oxford.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin

(London, S.E.)
3rd Feb. '75 (1875)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

No, indeed, you are not likely to weary me with your letters—I have few such, and what you say of the people who will be interested and helpful when they hear is very useful to me just now.—for this last year has almost ended *old* things for me, in this world, and all my old remaining friends are, though amicably—against me like the rest of the world, and either burden me or chill me in spite of myself. And I am at 55—suddenly perceiving the absurdity of having lived all my life without any attempt to choose, or make, friends, but taking them as they come, expecting nice people to come—One or two have—like you, but in general—I've waited—and above all, have given too much to mere affection without fitness. But now—if I live much longer—I must win some helpful friends—who will work *with* me and after me.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Is your little Rosa well? and good? I fear for all who are in any way connected with Fates of mine.

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
(15*th March*, 1875)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

How *could* you think I thought you querulous or troublesome!—when you're always helping me——

The broken snailshells are *quite* delightful. But I *don't* know why they're "bulineus"! I can't make out anything about vegetables in the word—Also—what does Montend mean—and what *is* the best English for it?

Subscription you will see all right in next Fors.

Ever gratefully yours,
(and love to your husband)
J. Ruskin

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.

(*March* 21, 1875)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I haven't been able to answer your nice note—and am so sorry. Every word I say in Fors is always literally true—but I *expose* my ignorance, more than is necessary, in order to set my readers to work. Of course I could find out these things before writing.

But I think the process of mining good to share, and get shared in.

Thanks for note on Campion—I've never seen a Rockery yet that I liked—but any moderately simple one answers necessary purposes, if one can rebuild it with the flowers properly massed in blues and reds and yellows for quick finding—Send me all that occurs to you on each Fors as it comes out.

Ever gratefully yrs.

J. R.

Where do you get the meaning of Campion, "Crown"? It is very valuable.—The Plague of both my houses is that my old herbals are at Brantwood, and young ones here.

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
12*th April*, 1875.

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I sent you a little note the other day, but carelessly sent it to the old address. There wasn't much in it—except extreme thanks for note of Donovan's Insects—a wonderful and precious book. And this is to thank you for saying I'm unselfish. It is true I don't want to teach people to think with me, or admire me—but to think truly—and admire greater men. But I find myself woefully dependent nevertheless on affection and praise, and woefully self indulgent in laying wretched ways. Selfish in sadness also—Enough of all—just now——

such as I am,
Faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin

(London)

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
30th Nov. (1875)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I am so very glad to have your letter and to know all about your husband. He must be a very true ally in reality and I hope to see you both soon.

I can't write—quite over busy just now,

gratefully and

Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

Care of Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple,
Broadlands,
Romsey.

Dec. 16*th*, 1875.

Dear Mr. Barnard,

I have seldom been more grateful for a letter—and thankfully wait for what more you have to say; though already you have told me more than I had the least idea of, as to the effect of your work on men of business.

I hear of effects on poor people—on working men—and kind women, but never of the smallest trouble or attention in the business world (that was why I was so incredulous about you) and I am thankful for their own sakes. For, as you know, nothing that I say is my saying or thinking, but simple truth by all men ascertainable as the law of gravity.

Very profoundly thankful for my own sake as well as the company's shall I be when any business men join me to whom I may depute part of the work.

However the next year's Fors will be plainer spoken—and may be more accepted.

Ever with true regards to Mrs. Barnard,

Yours very gratefully,

J. Ruskin

Edward Barnard, Esq.

DRAWING OF A VENETIAN CAPITAL, PENCIL AND WASH, BY JOHN RUSKIN

He delivered several lectures on precious stones and minerals during this year. He spent the spring at Brantwood and the autumn in Venice.

(1876)

DEAR LAURENCE,

I can answer you in an instant, without any talk. The reason I never come to see you is precisely this favourite theory of yours! which I know to be preventing you from working rightly, or knowing the true relations of colour; and I believed it was entirely hopeless to convince you of this. Sir Joshua had not the remotest thought of your "gradation" principles when he said that about [*word missing*]. Your thought hangs too much together, and keeps you from seeing a thousand other things.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Saturday, April 14, 1876.

DEAR RUSKIN,

Just received your answer. I had no conception you entertained such a reason for not coming to see me. If you know why I do not perceive "the true relation of colour and a thousand other things" I can assure you I shall be too glad to learn to see how to get much profit out of new ideas that I certainly do not from my old ones!

Just now I helped a blind man over a crossing—several passed him by without doing so. Am I so blinded by my "favourite theory" that you leave me to be run over? I hardly believe you do, since you say affectionately yours——

SAMUEL LAURENCE

(London),
April 3, 1876.

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

The book of drawings is withheld just because I want to put in something for all ages, and the child's part puzzles me. But allow the colours as soon as Mini will keep them tidy and wash her brushes. She can't have them too soon, as far as her art progress is concerned, and a little early discipline in order and memory will be most wholesome, given with such materials.

I do not mean "mustard" to be a translation, but the best equivalent, especially because of the parable of mustard seed. I will work out the history of both words, or at least get to their first use.

"Then" would not translate aussi in the least. Aussi means "in consequence of which" to the full force of that long phrase.

Kindest regards to Mr. Barnard.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Then Bulineus does generally apply to vigorous eaters? Always?

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
(26*th July*, 1876)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I am very glad of your little letter. Yes, you had better hold fast to me through all the troubles. Some day, I may break through the briars for you. And the sympathy and faith are the best help you can give me.

It can't be in writing letters however that I fight your battles. This is only to bear you kind greetings and say I'm always

Affectionately Yrs.

J. R.

Denmark Hill,
S.E.
15th August (1876)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

Please say to your friend that I believe no doubt is entertained in England of the absolute accuracy of Mr. Penrose's description of the Parthenon, and that I think the best authorities in France have already, not only accepted but founded many pretty theories upon it—What I know of Greek Architecture is entirely in harmony with it, and I believe the object of such subtle treatment of line—to have been twofold—the first to increase the impression of size—and the second to give exquisiteness of change to the lines themselves—as in the vertical contour of the shafts——

Mr. Gardiner would be led into error, by imagining any opposition in this principle—between Gothic and Greek work—the great Architects of both schools are equally earnest and equally skilful in using every artifice to increase the impression of magnitude—both of them equally detest regularity—(If Mr. Gardiner will look at the inscription on any Greek coin of the great time and compare it with our one shilling on a modern twelvepence his mind will forever be set at rest on

that matter)—and equally resolved to use curved lines for the limits of all forms that are to be the subjects of affectionate attention.

Believe me ever

Attentively and affectionately Yours,

J. Ruskin

VENICE.
16*th Septr.*, 1876.

MY DEAR MRS. BARNARD,

I am very sorry to see the vexed tone of your letter just received. There was every reason for printing those parts of your letter, not strong reasons, but enough. The fact about the poor woman is valuable and the suggestion about Bulimi the only one I had of any use.

I never said you had not good reason for all you did, or did not, but as it was not patent in your letter, put the question.

It will do you no harm and may stir up others whose lives pass in exclamation.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN

The winter and spring were spent at Venice, the rest of the year in England. He lectured on "Yewdale and the Streamlets", and "Streams of Westmoreland".

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
27th July, 1877.

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I am so very grateful to you for telling me of Donovan's insects. The drawings are exquisite and the book entirely standard and good. The leaf cutting plate however only gives the circular bits, but I've got at the real form in the next approximately.

Thanks too for your little Mary's sketches and for all your kindly thoughts.

Ever gratefully yr.
J. Ruskin

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON,
LANCASHIRE.
(*27th July*, 1877)

DEAR MRS. BARNARD,

So many thanks for that most wonderful letter—please—were the fine names of the children chosen by the mother? And *how*—please ask the father in your next letter, did the boy kill the rattlesnake?

I heard of one the other day, routing a group of grown men, by advancing on them in visible anger, and had no conception that a child could do anything against one.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. R.

(*Septr.* 1877)

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

Yes, I am sorry for you. But so much more sorry for those who rejoice in the loss of children, that I have no words to say to you.

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

The letter you sent me from the doctor will be in Oct. Fors, but can you tell me how he has got in language vulgarized or in thought so far as to think medicine a humbug. And how came the children to have so romantic names?

Corpus Christi College,
Oxford.
10*th Dec.*, '77 (1877)

Dear Mrs. Barnard,

I was very glad to have this little note about your Rose the other day. It is now nearly three years since I last saw mine; and they have gone so fast that I don't think it long now to wait—till I can see her again. And meantime—I hope she's getting to be a *little* bit proud of me—though I am sure she never lets any of the other angels guess it—but calls me all manner of names to them——

Ever your grateful,

J. R.

1880

The summer was spent in France. His lectures this year included "Snakes" and "Amiens".

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
3rd April, '80 (1880)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

A fit of great exhaustion with threatened cold, forced me to leave London with half my work undone and above all—the emotional duties—delights or griefs—alike foregone—I can often draw a leaf, or even write what may be useful to many people and when I cannot well speak—and indeed, my days pass much now in a kind of dream—in which I have nothing to say. I sometimes am naughty enough to wish that no one cared for me—for indeed it is a heavy pain to me to think of my failure in answering duty. I got your sweet letter quite safely—perhaps the short "talk" made me a little fear that I should only sadden you if I came—for my own mind is at present wholly that.

I shall be in London again at Midsummer, I *trust*—it is all I can say—but I am ever gratefully and affectionately

Yours,
J. Ruskin

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire.
19*th April* (1880)

Dear Mrs. Scott,

I had the letter which you have been inquiring about quite safely, but had no power of answering it, and am apt to carry on farther than I ought in the day at my steady work, and then find myself in the afternoon face to face with my pile of letters and the absolute need of going out and forgetting everything or being ill next day.

Most men at my age I observe still think life infinite. I have long since counted its remnants and trust that my dearest friends will earliest forgive my husbandry or even miserliness of them.

Ever your affectionate,
J. Ruskin

Good Friday,
1880.

Dear Mrs. Scott,

How very blessedly good of you to write and tell me of yourself.—I'm still to be in town next week and will come to see you, if I may. It is time we should both stop being ill and make our minds up for perpetual welfare.

Love to Susie,
Ever your loving
John Ruskin

CHART

ILLUSTRATING RUSKIN'S LIFE, WORK, AND TIMES

(Only the more important of Ruskin's writings and the events of his life are included.)

1819 Born February 8, London.

1825 (aged 6) First visit to Paris and Brussels.

1826 (aged 7) First visit to Scotland.

1830 (aged 11) First poem printed, Skiddaw and Derwentwater. First general tour through England.

1831 (aged 12) Sent to day-school in London. Receives birthday present of Rogers's *Italy* with Turner vignettes.

1832 (aged 13) Continental tour. First visit to Italy.

1834 (aged 15) Minor scientific articles published.

1819 Scott, *Ivanhoe*. Wordsworth, *Peter Bell*. Shelley, *The Cenci*. Washington Irving, *The Sketch Book*. Kingsley born. General unrest. Cotton Mills Act forbade labour of children under nine in mills.

1820 Keats, *St. Agnes*. Scott, *Monastery; Abbot*. Malthus, *Principles of Political Economy*.

1821 De Quincey, *Confessions*. Scott, *Kenilworth*. Byron, *Cain*. Shelley, *Prometheus*. Hazlitt, *Table Talk*. Keats died. Revolt of Greece against Turkey.

1822 Rogers, *Italy*. Scott, *Pirate; Fortunes of Nigel*. Arnold and Pasteur born. Shelley died.

1823 Scott, *Quentin Durward*. Lamb, *Elia*. Monroe Doctrine proclaimed in America.

1824 Bentham, *Book of Fallacies*. Scott, *Redgauntlet*. Byron, *Don Juan*. Byron died.

1825 Scott, *Talisman*. Coleridge, *Aids to Reflection*. Stephenson constructs Stockton and Darlington Railway.

1826 Disraeli, *Vivian Grey*. Scott, *Woodstock*. Partial repeal of Act prohibiting combinations of workmen marks beginning of modern Trade Unions.

1827 Scott, *Life of Napoleon*. A. and C. Tennyson, *Poems of Two Brothers*. Keble, *Christian Year*. Hallam, *Constitutional History*. Blake died. Greek independence secured.

1828 Scott, *Tales of a Grandfather*. Napier, *Peninsular War*. George Meredith and Dante Gabriel Rossetti born.

1829 Catholic Emancipation Act.

1830 Coleridge, *Constitution of Church and State*. Lamb, *Album Verses*. Tennyson, *Poems*. Opening of Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Hazlitt died.

1831 Poe, *The Raven*. Whittier, *Legends of New England*. Great reform agitation.

1832 Reform Bill passed. Scott and Goethe died.

1833 Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*. Lamb, *Last Essays of Elia*. Slavery abolished in British Empire. Ashley's Factory Act limits hours of labour for women and boys. Annual grants to two societies for schools begun. Oxford Movement developed. Great Western Railway begun.

1834 Bulwer, *Last Days of Pompeii*. Dickens, *Sketches by Boz*. Southey, *The Doctor*. Poor Law Amendment Act. William Morris born. Coleridge and Lamb died.

1835 Wordsworth, *Yarrow Revisited*. Browning, *Paracelsus*. Longfellow, *Outre-Mer*. Municipal Reform Act.

1837 (aged 18) Went into residence at Oxford. First magazine articles on architecture, etc.

1838 (aged 19) Articles on architecture, etc.

1839 (aged 20) Won the Newdigate Prize for poem *Salsette and Elephanta.*

1840 (aged 21) Introduced to Turner. Serious illness.

1841 (aged 22) Continental tour—France, Pisa, Florence, Siena, Rome. Wrote *King of the Golden River.*

1842 (aged 23) Took B.A. degree, Oxford. Began *Modern Painters.*

1843 (aged 24) Took M.A. degree, Oxford. *Modern Painters,* vol. i, published.

1845 (aged 26) Writing *Modern Painters,* vol. ii.

1846 (aged 27) *Modern Painters,* vol. ii, published. Began plans for writing *Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

1848 (aged 29) Married Miss E. C. Gray. Wrote *Seven Lamps.*

1836 Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*. Whittier, *Voices of Freedom*. J. S. Mill died. Marriages legalized in Nonconformist chapels. Stamp-duty on newspapers reduced to one penny per issue.

1837 Hallam, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*. Carlyle, *The French Revolution*. Thackeray, *Yellowplush Papers*. Hawthorne, *Twice-Told Tales*. Dickens, *Oliver Twist*. Accession of Queen Victoria. Swinburne born.

1838 Carlyle, *Miscellanies*. Dickens, *Nicholas Nickleby*. Issue of the People's Charter by the Chartists. Foundation of the Anti-Corn Law League.

1839 Longfellow, *Hyperion*. Penny Post established. Opium war with China, 1839–42. Formation of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education.

1840 Browning, *Sordello*. Dickens, *Old Curiosity Shop*. Thomas Hardy born.

1841 Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Browning, *Pippa Passes*. Emerson, *Essays*. Longfellow, *Ballads*. Oxford Movement. Publication of Tract Ninety.

1842 Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Tennyson, *Poems*. Browning, *Dramatic Lyrics*. Free Trade Budget. Duties on raw material greatly reduced.

1843 Browning, *Blot on the 'Scutcheon*. Carlyle, *Past and Present*. Macaulay, *Essays*. Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit; Christmas Carols*. Disruption of the Scottish Church. Free Church established. Southey died. Wordsworth Poet Laureate.

1844 E. B. Browning, *Poems*. Hood, *Song of the Shirt*. Disraeli, *Coningsby*. Dickens, *The Chimes*. Campbell died.

1845 Carlyle, *Oliver Cromwell*. Disraeli, *Sybil*. R. Browning, *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*. Dickens, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Hawthorne, *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Potato famine in Ireland. Newman joins the Catholic Church.

1846 R. Browning, *Luria*. Hood, *Poems*. Dickens, *Dombey and Son*. Repeal of the Corn Laws.

1847 Tennyson, *The Princess*. C. Brontë, *Jane Eyre*. Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*. Longfellow, *Evangeline*.

1848 Arnold, *The Strayed Reveller*. Lowell, *Biglow Papers*. Mrs. Gaskell, *Mary Barton*. Year of Revolutions. France becomes a republic. Louis Napoleon elected president. Revolution in Italy and Germany. Emily Brontë died. Chartism suppressed.

1849 (aged 30) Joins Council of Arundel Society. *Seven Lamps of Architecture* published. At Venice, at work on *Stones of Venice*.

1850 (aged 31) Collected poems published. Wrote essay on Baptism.

1851 (aged 32) Wrote *Notes on the Construction of Sheep-Folds*. *Stones of Venice*, vol. i, published. Began defence of pre-Raphaelites. Met Carlyle.

1852 (aged 33) Renounces executorship under Turner's will. Wrote *Letters on Politics*. At work on *Stones of Venice*.

1853 (aged 34) *Stones of Venice*, vols. ii and iii, published. Wrote lectures on Architecture and Painting.

1854 (aged 35) Friendship with Rossetti. Co-operates in foundation of Working Men's College.

1856 (aged 37) *Modern Painters*, vols. iii and iv, published. At work on Oxford Museum.

1857 (aged 38) Published *Political Economy of Art*, *Elements of Drawing*, and *Catalogue of the Turner Sketches at the National Gallery*. Works on Turner drawings at National Gallery.

1859 (aged 40) Published the *Oxford Museum* and *Two Paths*. Lectures at Manchester. Letters to press on Italian questions.

1860 (aged 41) Published *Modern Painters*, vol. v. "Unto this Last" in *Cornhill*.

1861 (aged 42) Presents Turner drawings to Oxford. Others to Cambridge.

1862 (aged 43) Essays on Political Economy in *Fraser's Magazine*.

1849 Thackeray, *Pendennis*. Browning, *Poems*. Macaulay, *History of England*. Whittier, *Voices of Freedom*. Roman Republic decreed.

1850 Carlyle, *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. Dickens, *David Copperfield*. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*. Whittier, *Songs of Labour*. Wordsworth, *Prelude*. Death of Wordsworth. Tennyson Poet Laureate. Death of Peel. Foundation of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

1851 Carlyle, *John Sterling*. Hawthorne, *House of the Seven Gables*. Telegraphic communication between France and England. Crystal Palace Exhibition. Turner died.

1852 Dickens, *Bleak House*. Thackeray, *Esmond*. Moore died. Napoleon III proclaimed Emperor of France.

1853 Kingsley, *Hypatia*. Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*. Gladstone's first Budget.

1854 Coventry Patmore, *Angel in the House*. Crimean War, 1854–6.

1855 C. Brontë died. Abolition of duty on newspapers.

1856 Treaty of Paris. G. Bernard Shaw born.

1857 Kingsley, *Two Years Ago*. Hughes, *Tom Brown's School-Days*. Outbreak of Indian Mutiny.

1858 George Eliot, *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*. William Morris, *Defence of Guinevere*. Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. East India Company abolished. Jews allowed to sit in Commons. Abolition of the property qualification for M.P.'s. Telegraphic communication between England and America.

1859 George Eliot, *Adam Bede*. Meredith, *Richard Feverel*. J. S. Mill, *On Liberty*. Dickens, *Tale of Two Cities*. Darwin, *Origin of Species*. Disraeli's Reform Bill rejected. Death of Hallam, Macaulay, De Quincey, and Leigh Hunt.

1860 Emerson, *Conduct of Life*. G. Eliot, *Mill on The Floss*. Holmes, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*.

1861 George Eliot, *Silas Marner*. American Civil War. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. E. Barrett Browning died. Foundation of William Morris's firm.

1863 (aged 44) Continuation of Essays on Political Economy in *Fraser's Magazine*.

1864 (aged 45) Death of his father. Purchases property in Marylebone.

1865 (aged 46) Published *Sesame and Lilies* and the *Study of Architecture in Our Schools*.

1866 (aged 47) Published *Ethics of the Dust* and the *Crown of Wild Olive*.

1867 (aged 48) First scheme for St. George's Guild foreshadowed. Co-operates with Miss Octavia Hill's work.

1869 (aged 50) Meets Holman Hunt. Appointed Slade Professor at Oxford.

1871 (aged 52) Published *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 1–12. Buys Brantwood. Starts St. George's Fund. Endows Master of Drawing at Oxford. Death of his mother. Street cleaning experiment in Seven Dials.

1872 (aged 53) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation). Published *Munera Pulveris*. Enters into residence at Brantwood. Undertakes publication of own books.

1873 (aged 54) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation). *Love's Meinie*. Reappointed Slade Professor.

1874 (aged 55) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation). Road-digging at Hincksey. Franciscan studies in Italy. Opens tea-shop at Paddington.

1875 (aged 56) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation), *Proserpina*, and *Deucalion*. Death of Miss La Touche. Makes over Oxford Collections to the University. Draws up constitution of St. George's Guild.

1876 (aged 57) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation). Starts St. George's Museum, Sheffield.

1877 (aged 58) Published the *Laws of Fésole*. Edited *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. Abstract of the object and constitution of St. George's Guild. *St. Mark's Rest*. *Fors Clavigera* (continuation).

1863 George Eliot, *Romola.* Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire.* Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Death of Thackeray.
1864 Swinburne, *Atalanta in Calydon.* Tennyson, *Enoch Arden,* Newman, *Apologia.*
1865 Arnold, *Essays in Criticism.* Dickens, *Our Mutual Friend.* Carlyle, *Frederick II.* Lecky, *History of Rationalism.* Lincoln assassinated. Completion of the Atlantic cable.
1866 Swinburne, *Poems and Ballads.*

1867 Swinburne, *Song of Italy.* Arnold, *Celtic Literature.* Disraeli's Reform Bill passed.
1868 Browning, *Ring and the Book.* Gladstone Prime Minister.
1869 Lecky, *History of European Morals.* Blackmore, *Lorna Doone.* Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy.* Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Suez Canal opened.
1870 D. G. Rossetti, *Poems.* Morris, *Earthly Paradise.* Dickens, *Edwin Drood.* Franco-Prussian War. Irish Land Act. Forster's Education Act. Dickens died.
1871 Swinburne, *Songs before Sunrise.* George Eliot, *Middlemarch.* Lowell, *My Study Windows.* Abolition of religious tests in the Universities. Capitulation of Paris. Trade Unions legalized.

1872 Holmes, *Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ballot Act.

1873 J. S. Mill, *Autobiography.* Pater, *Studies in the Renaissance.* J. S. Mill died.
1874 Green, *History of the English People.*

1875 Russo-Turkish War.

1876 George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda.* Gladstone's pamphlet on Bulgaria advocates the expulsion of the Turks from Bulgaria.
1877 Telephone invented in America.

1878 (aged 59) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation). Visits Gladstone.

1879 (aged 60) Published *Letters to the Clergy on the Lord's Prayer and The Church.* Resigns Slade Professorship.

1880 (aged 61) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation), *Arrows of the Chace*, and *A Joy for Ever.*

1882 (aged 63) Published *General Statement Explaining the Nature and Purposes of St. George's Guild.* Contemplates autobiography.

1883 (aged 64) Published *Art of England.* Accepts reappointment as Slade Professor. Lectures at Oxford. Attends lecture by William Morris at Oxford.

1884 (aged 65) Published *Fors Clavigera* (continuation), *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, and *The Pleasures of England.*

1885 (aged 66) Published introduction to *Usury and the English Bishops, On the Old Road*, and *Praeterita.*

1886 (aged 67) Published continuation of *Praeterita* and *Dilecta.*

1887 (aged 68) Published continuation of *Praeterita* and *Dilecta.*

1888 (aged 69) Continuation of *Praeterita.* Last tour to Switzerland and Italy.

1889 (aged 70) Completion of *Praeterita.* Literary work now ceased.

1900 (aged 81) Died at Coniston.

1878 Justin McCarthy, *History of Our Own Times*. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*. Treaty in Berlin.
1879 Browning, *Dramatic Idylls*. Meredith, *The Egoist*. Sir E. Arnold, *The Light of Asia*. First telephone exchange in London.
1880 Disraeli, *Endymion*. Elementary education made compulsory. George Eliot died.
1881 Carlyle, *Reminiscences*. D. G. Rossetti, *Ballads and Sonnets*. Carlyle died.

1883 British occupation of Egypt.

1884 R. Browning, *Ferishtah's Fancies*. Siege of Khartoum.

1885 Pater, *Marius the Epicurean*. General Gordon killed. Victor Hugo died.
1886 Morris, *The Dream of John Ball*. First Home Rule Bill defeated.
1887 Browning, *Parleyings with Certain People*.

1888 Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*. Matthew Arnold died. Establishment of County Councils.
1889 Tennyson, *Demeter and Other Poems*. Pater, *Appreciations*. Browning died. Dockers' strike led by John Burns.
1890 Morris, *News from Nowhere*. Bismarck dismissed from office. Newman died. Morris founded the Kelmscott Press.
1892 Tennyson died.
1893 Second Home Rule Bill defeated in the Lords.
1894 District and Parish Councils established.
1896 Jameson Raid.
1897 Workmen's Compensation Act.
1899 Outbreak of the South African War.

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